

First Indian Girl to Be the Head of a Tribe

MANY persons still entertain the romantic impression that the Indians of the United States fondly and reverently refer to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs at Washington as "The Great White Father."

Possibly that was the case in bygone years before the North American Indians had become as modernized as in recent years.

Miss Mary Lemery, one of the brightest and most charming Indian girls to be found among the 325,000 members of the various tribes, says the Indians long ago discontinued the high-sounding, but meaningless, "Great White Father" expression, and now both jokingly and seriously refer to the ultra-sedate, serious and solemn commissioner as "The Great White *Bother*."

Miss Lemery, who is a member of the Flathead tribe, of Montana, has the honor and distinction of being the first Indian woman in the history of the country to be made president of the Tribal Council. She has held this exalted position of authority for four years.

There are almost 3,000 members of her tribe. With due ceremony the leading men of the Flatheads conferred the Eagle feather upon Miss Lemery, which is their solemn manner of manifesting unlimited trust and esteem.

In addition to superintending the business affairs of her people, this talented Indian girl owns and manages a farm of 300 acres. She manages every detail, from hiring and firing the laborers to marketing the crops. She has made a thorough study of agriculture. Her garden is said to be the show-place of her community. Any man in her section of Montana will tell you that the horse she fears does not exist.

Most of the Flathead Indians are members of the Roman Catholic faith, and Miss Lemery is a well-known graduate of the Holy Name College, of Oregon.

This hustling and determined girl spent most of the winter in Washington, in an effort to persuade Congress to give the Indians fairer treatment in the management and disposal of their property.

When asked to state what changes were desired by her people, Miss Lemery with deep earnestness replied: "We want freedom and citizenship; we want our own money and property prorated among the individuals



now, not in the dim distant years of the future. We feel that we are perfectly capable of handling our own property in our own way, and that we do not need a governmental bureau at Washington to kindergarten us as though we were a lot of kids.

"Much of our property is comprised of timber land, which is very valuable. The government has been cutting timber, off and on, from our lands since 1855. At the present time sixteen sawmills are busily engaged

in sawing up our beautiful white pine, spruce and tamarack trees, and they are doing this at a terrific rate. But up to this good hour not a single Flathead Indian—man, woman or child—has received a five cent piece of the proceeds of the sale of this timber. Fifteen million dollars of our money is tied up through the Indian Bureau in timber lands.

"We feel that the time is about ripe for us to have an opportunity to get a look at our own funds.

"Much of our other property is just as badly tangled up in seemingly endless skeins of Indian Bureau red tape and idiotic paternalism on the part of officials who know as little about our needs and desires as King George of England or the Duke of Iceland, and who foolishly insist that we are still an aggregation of irresponsible children who must be nursed and coddled."

Anyone who looks into the keen, calm eyes of Mary Lemery, and listens to her serious and intelligent conversation cannot fail to be convinced of the fairness and righteousness of her claims.

Surely, Indians of the Mary Lemery type are better able to look after their own affairs in far-off Montana, than is a government official in a swivel chair in the Interior Department at Washington.

Why not give the Indians a chance?

Real Castles in the Air

AWAY with those think-they-know-it-all people who tell us "there's nothing new under the sun!" Away with those ultra serious-minded folk who have been telling us that "castles in the air" are mere fanciful dreams of impractical grown-ups and little

kiddies! There is something new under the sun. "Castles in the air" have become genuine actualities, and real breathing and living families are residing in them.

Proof? Ah, yes! lots of it!

The very latest fad—claimed to be a necessity—at Washington, D. C., is to buy—no, not rent, but buy—an apartment in an apartment house.

This unique scheme is rapidly increasing in popularity, and many apartment houses in the best sections of Washington have recently been sold to many owners in that way.

Many a staid Washingtonian now has title in fee simple to a flat described as being situated somewhere between earth and sky.

Now, if that's not a "castle in the air," what on earth could it be called?

Out in the blessed country when a family invests in a home consisting of a roomy dwelling and an acre or so of land, they also have the additional feeling that they own everything as high up as heaven and as far down as China.

But, alas, that's not the case in owning a city apartment. In that event the ownership merely extends upward to the floor of the neighbor above, and downward to the ceiling of the man below.

As far as sky and earth are concerned the owner of a Washington cliff is not a whit better off than his brother and sister cliffers who resided in Arizona some centuries ago.

The home-seeking Washington family is lured to a life of cliffdom through such fascinating and compelling advertisements as this:

"Our plan is entirely new. There is nothing that parallels it. There are many syndicate ownerships of one sort or another in New York, Paris and other metropolitan centers, but no other instance where the 'own your own home' spirit is so completely exemplified and so practically achieved in city apartments as through our carefully conceived and minutely perfected plan of co-operative ownership.

"Ownership can be acquired by all-cash purchase, at a price fully 40 per cent less than a house of equal grade and environment, or upon convenient terms with a modest initial payment. These payments, including the carrying charges and your proportionate share of maintenance and operating expense of the property, will not equal the normal rental of the apartment. Thus the economic phases of the proposition make strong appeal to the thinking investor, and the domestic advantages weigh convincingly in its favor."

There is no question but that the chap who originated this remarkable scheme has started something that will sweep every large city in America.

Mothers are troubled lest none of the young men who call fall in love with their daughters, and lest all the girls who come to the house fall in love with their sons.

Before the oldest daughter has reached sixteen her father finds his throne tottering, and by the time she is eighteen he hasn't enough authority in his home to change the location of a picture on the wall.

The bewitching woman who just loves to torment men usually has plenty of opportunity.

Works 40 Years for Degree



MRS. SALLIE FOGG LOUDIN

AFTER spending forty years teaching school, house-keeping for her family and studying for a college degree, all at the same time, Mrs. Sallie Fogg Loudin, a teacher in the Morgantown (W. Va.) high school and the mother of five grown children, received her A.B. degree at West Virginia University this year. Mrs. Loudin is planning to continue teaching and studying until she gets her Master's degree also.

Mrs. Loudin was a school-teacher when she married a West Virginia lumberman. Twenty years later business reverses compelled her to begin teaching again. She sought teaching work at Morgantown where the state university was located. There she took special courses at night and during the summers and in eight years completed her work, which gave her the coveted degree this spring.

Beginning With a Broken Neck

AMONG successes achieved by women, none stands out more conspicuously than that won by a girl from the Middle West, and who built her fortune and fame on what doctors said was virtually a broken neck.

Her name is Daisy Challiss Faust. When she was a child, while racing across the Kansas prairies side-seated on a man's saddle, the strap broke and she was thrown over the horse's head, landing on her head.

This trouble weakened her neck and she fell easy prey to a second accident some years later. She had, she was told, a broken neck, and for many months she went from one doctor to another, hoping for a relief she did not receive.

Finally, she found a treatment which lifted her twisted neck and brought her back to normal. Out of sheer gratitude for what had been done, she went abroad, studied, took advanced courses in the treatment, and opened in Philadelphia an institution in which she could help others. She opened it on small capital, but with great faith and courage, and she has succeeded.

A large, imposing building bearing her name is the monument she has built to the accomplishment of her ambition; she has made her dream come true.

She puts in more than twelve hours a day, the year through, stopping long enough in the summer for a little play. During these holidays she has traveled. With a great love for the outdoors she always chooses the open, and two years ago covered three hundred miles on horseback through western national parks.

She refuses all credit for what a woman without financial backing of any kind has done.

"I love my work," she said, "and it becomes play to me because I love it. I think much of my success is due to optimism. I do not recognize that there is a dark side."



DR. DAISY CHALLISS FAUST